UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann, Curtis W. Reese, *Associate Editors*

Religion—A Spur or a Pillow?

By Jesse H. Holmes

Biblical Humanists - - - - *May Stranahan*
A Note on Berlin - - - - - - - *Edithe Busse*
Gandhi, the Man and the Mahatma
- - - - - - - - - - - *K. N. S. Manyam*
In Old Spain's Domain (Book Reviews)
- - - - - - - - - - - - *Frederick Starr*
A New Napoleon (Review) - *Robert C. Schaller*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Visit of Mr. Patel, of India, to America

America has been favored at different times with visits from a considerable number of distinguished Indians, among whom the *following six* may be mentioned as perhaps having been most warmly welcomed and as having done most to give to the American people a proper understanding not only of India's past high place in the world's history and civilization but also a clear realization of the justice of her present great struggle for freedom.

1. Mr. Lajpat Rai was in America five years as a refugee during the World War. While here he not only wrote and published three important books but organized and carried on in New York an India Information Bureau, published an important monthly magazine called *Young India*, lectured to large audiences in many of our cities, and won a multitude of friends for India among our most influential classes.

2. Sir J. C. Bose, the distinguished scientist, has made two visits to America of several months each, delivering illustrated lectures before our most important scientific associations and in our leading universities on his remarkable discoveries in electro-biology and electro-physics, and fully sustaining his high reputation as one of the leading scientific investigators of the present time.

3. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu came here on a lecture tour two years ago, speaking with eloquence in many parts of this country in behalf of India's freedom, giving a fine impression regarding India's womanhood, and doing much to counteract the evil influence of Miss Katherine Mayo.

4. Professor Kalidas Nag came to America soon after Mrs. Naidu, and spent several months delivering at our leading universities very interesting, able and valuable illustrated lectures on Indian Culture and the extension of Indian culture and civilization over large sections of Southern and Eastern Asia.

5. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, the world-famous poet, has honored America with three visits. Needless to say, all that is best in American intelligence and culture has recognized and acclaimed not only his remarkable poetical gifts but also his important achievements as an educator and as a philosophical and religious thinker.

6. Last, and in some respects most important of all, Mr. V. J. Patel, India's great leader and peace-loving fighter for her freedom, came in November, and is still here. Notwithstanding his impaired health caused by his cruel imprisonment in India and the four severe surgical operations which he was compelled to undergo in Europe to save his life, he is moving about widely and doing much very valuable work for India's cause. No other visitor from India has ever met with such high official recognition and welcome. He has been received with distinguished honor and given notable public receptions by the mayors of New

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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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Above all, be honest with God. Do not pray to anything you do not believe in. If you do not believe in a personal God, never pretend that you do: never pray as if you did. Tell no lies on your knees. When Horace Bushnell lost his personal God, he recovered him by praying to the next best thing that was left, the abstract principle of right. It was a dreary kind of devotion, but it was sincerely meant, and a voice came to him, and a revelation broke upon him. Put, then, into your prayers no more orthodoxy than there is in your thought. If you cannot address Him as a known person, approach him as an unknown Something, if you can not feel him, be contented to feel after him, if you can not see him, look in the direction where you conjecture that he may be. If you can not fly, walk; if you can not walk, creep; if you can not creep, stand and wait. Every morning the daybreak comes to us, not we to the daybreak. And so, my friend, in fine, trust the deepest movings of your soul; live true to your best conviction; pray only up to the level of your faith; lay aside all perturbation and insincerity; wherever you see what looks to be sunshine, stand in it; and your sky will certainly clear, and your day will assuredly come. Every unhindered needle verges to the pole; every unstopped river empties into the sea.

—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Every dead age leaves behind it the monuments of its glory—and its folly. Egypt is cluttered up with the ruins of its huge temples, monstrous statues, and royal tombs. The landscape of Italy is crossed and recrossed by crumbling aqueducts and the great highways of the conquering legions. Europe boasts the splendor of thousands of feudal castles now empty to the bats and winds. Already in our time we see the gorgeous and enormous piles which are today empty, and in due course will be disintegrating as the relics of the dead era of nineteenth century capitalism. In our travels through America we invariably see the splendid residences and far-flung estates of our industrial magnates. They still are beautiful. But they are the last of their kind, and themselves as meaningless as the palaces of the Bourbon kings. In New York, the crown of all our age, we behold the monuments of the capitalistic past, like the pyramids of Cairo. The Waldorf-Astoria hotel—the last word in engineering skill and material luxury! Designed while the prosperity of 1927-1928 was at the flood, completed when the tide was at the ebb, a failure from the hour of its opening—there it stands, destined to be remembered only as the last mad gesture of a mad society. The Empire State building—the tallest and lordliest structure in the world! Echoing by day from the vast areas of its untenanted floors and offices, dark by night with terrible darkness of desert spaces—it will stand through centuries to come as the mausoleum of capitalism's dead dreams. And Radio City—reared at a cost of $250,000,000, costing $63,000 a day to operate, with no chance of earning even one per cent on its capital investment, its theatres a laughing-stock, its offices a horror! What will future ages think of this vast cemetery of the age of money? Our epoch has built lavishly and proudly. Its achievements outdo the might of Egyptian pharaohs and Roman emperors. But to what end? And with what purpose? "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity."

It is an ironical fact that the recognition of Russia by the United States should be coming along at just the time when the Soviets are falling into dire trouble. It would seem as though, after all these years, America were preparing to rush to the relief of the distressed and desperate Bolsheviki. Of course, it may not be true that President-Elect Roosevelt is preparing to grant recognition. But it sounds true, for both nations are in trouble, and "misery loves company." As to the situation in Russia, exact information is lacking. To talk about the failure of the Five-Year Plan is ridiculous, as we have already pointed out in these columns, for what has been achieved in the shortened period of four years and three months is little short of a miracle. But it is evident that the miracle has been wrought at enormous cost. Much of the construction needs coordination and perfecting—hence the postponement of the second Five-Year Plan! The people are fatigued after exertions of almost incredible energy—hence Stalin's announcement of "a breathing period." The peasants are still stubborn and intractable—hence the change of government policy from grain collections to taxes in kind! Most serious is the food-shortage, which will bring short rations to all and starvation to not a few this present winter. What has happened is partly the wear and tear of an endeavor to accomplish a process of industrialization, in a backward country, in a period of a decade, which in highly developed countries has taken an entire century to complete. But, more than this, Russia has been caught in the economic depression which has engulfed us all. Communistic and revolutionary, she still cannot live apart and complete her system of herself. Feared, hated, and outlawed, she is still an integral part of our world.

Whether we like it or not, on either side, we are all in the same boat in the midst of a cosmic storm. Yes, it is not surprising that the recognition of Russia is coming along at just this time.

So the power people have decided to be good! This would seem to be the meaning of the loud proclamation that the old National Electric Light Association is to be disbanded, and a new trade association in the light and power industry, to be known as the Edison Electric Institute, is to take its place. How lovely—especially that use of the name of the distinguished dead to baptize an industry out to make money in an age when money-making is not so easy as it used to be! It must be conceded that Floyd Carlisle and his associates disclose a certain degree of candor. The N. E. L. A., they say, has "rightly or wrongly been stamped unalterably with the reputation of a great propaganda organization." Perhaps if these men had a little more candor they might state to the public, what they have undoubtedly confessed among themselves, that the enemies of the power trust—i e., the friends of the public—have established their case, and thus proved that the leaders of this trust are the most conscienceless gang of freebooters now operating in this country. But the main thing is that these men are now recognizing that the good old times are gone, and that they face today an aroused people who may well in the end destroy them. So the power magnates, like the old-time pirates when close pursued, are changing the cut of their sails and hoisting a deceptive ensign. It's a clever game—especially the "code of ethics" which is presented as the guiding principles of the new organization. We doubt, however, if the people will be deceived. They have learned the lesson of the power trust, and understand its capacity for highway robbery. When they see the brigands putting on new disguises and false mustaches, they know it is for a new raid upon the public purse. Let the Edison Electric Institute be watched! As "a rose by any other name may smell as sweet," so the propaganda of the power trust by this new name may be as dishonest. We may rest secure only when the people provide their own light and heat and power.

Great changes in religious thought are taking place in our time. "Non-theistic humanism," for example, is definitely passing. "Humanism is increasingly regarded as the theological expression of 'the jazz age,' an age now deceased." It is disappearing before the "positive support (for a belief in God) which has recently come from the most eminent men of science. . . . In part it is a sign of the rapidly altered world in which we live—a world which no longer professes human self-sufficiency, but cries out for a profounder apprehension of reality and a more ultimate anchorage for life's struggle." As a matter of fact, there exists today "a mounting distrust of liberal theology." "Liberalism stands condemned as the characteristic theology of a romantic and ill-founded pre-war optimism. Its premises likewise are being subjected to devastating criticism." All of which, and much more of the same kind, is written down by Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, professor at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, in the "Year-Book of American Churches," as edited by Dr. Herman C. Weber! What are we to say of such sweeping judgments? Obviously, their source cannot altogether be neglected. There is a "wish-fulfilment" complex in Dr. Van Dusen's mind which colors all his survey of the religious field. Nevertheless, no candid observer can deny the soundness of much that he suggests. Liberalism in theology, as in politics, is pretty completely out-moded. It offers no explanation of the terrible phenomena of our time, and generates no power to grapple with them. Unitarianism is as unreal and futile as Christian Science. Humanism also, at least the humanism of the crasser type, seems increasingly superficial as a philosophy and weak as a reliance of the soul. As a method of approach, as a starting point of inquiry, as a line of thought and meditation, it is as useful and as inevitable as ever. But that it can penetrate deep, or carry far, is unlikely. Dr. Van Dusen's words need to be pondered. Neither liberals nor radicals in religion have touched the foundation of experience.

But Dr. Van Dusen is not the only contributor to the above-mentioned "Year-Book" who has something to say. A most important contribution to the survey of our contemporary American churches is that made by Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, Secretary of the Department of Research Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Dr. Johnson discusses the political and social activities of the churches, and makes the interesting declaration that while, on the one hand, the protestants are increasingly concerned with public affairs these days, their influence, on the other hand, is steadily waning. Dr. Johnson has no doubts about the right of the churches to participate in politics. His observations on this point are realistic and sensible.

It is now recognized, he says, that the American doctrine of separation of church and state in practice settles little. Legislation is relied upon for the protection of the corporate rights of the church as an institution, measures of social reform, such as those involved in the so-called "social creed of the churches," must be buttressed by law. Questions such as the right of conscientious objection to war and the right to citizenship, bring the church and the state face to face on the issue of freedom of conscience.

But the right to be interested in public affairs is one thing, and the ability to accomplish anything is quite another. It is in this latter respect, says Dr. Johnson.

that the Protestant churches are losing ground. "As a political force Protestantism has become less resolute, less sure, and hence less active." This is shown conclusively by its failure to sustain the cause of Prohibition. "The official church bodies for the most part maintained their stand in support of the Eighteenth Amendment, (but) the electorate didn't heed the call to defend it." This indicates, says Dr. Johnson, "a slackening, for the present at least, of the political influence of official Protestantism." The Prohibition debâcle, in other words, is likely to be followed by other debâcles. The religion of social progress and reform is in a bad way.

The latest news from India is wellnigh incredible. It tells of the arrest of Mrs. Margaret Cousins, and her imprisonment for one year on the charge of "disseminating sedition." In this event it is well to recall who Mrs. Cousins is. An Irishwoman by birth and culture, she is a graduate in music of the old Royal University of Ireland, and has been a successful concert pianist. She was vigorously active in the great woman's suffrage struggle before the War, and was twice jailed, once in England and once in Ireland. She has thus already gained intimate acquaintanceship with English liberty! In India she organized the movement which grew into the widespread Women's Indian Association, and introduced the historic deputation of Indian women to the Viceroy and Secretary of India (then Lord Chelmsford and Mr. E. S. Montague, respectively), which made the first demand for the enfranchisement of the women of India under the projected Reform Bill (1921). She was the first woman magistrate appointed by the Government in India (1923), and thus opened the door for the magistracy of women. In manifold social and cultural activities, Mrs. Cousins has toiled for the uplift of Indian women, and now of course for the liberation of the Indian people themselves. Her latest service was to act as organizing secretary of the newly founded International Committee for India at Geneva. No wonder that the court at Madras, where she was recently arrested, failed to persuade this valiant and consecrated woman "to be of good behavior," and thus condemned her to a year's confinement behind the bars! Well, if this is the way to vindicate British freedom and to prevent Indian freedom, so be it. Mrs. Cousins will not complain. But friends of Mrs. Cousins and of India must protest against such tyranny. A protest-meeting in New York, conducted by the All-World Gandhi Fellowship, is the first, we trust, of many such meetings throughout this country and the world.

Religion—A Spur or a Pillow?

Historically religions have always had to do with the future state of man—sometimes of man individually, sometimes of humanity taken as a whole, sometimes a more or less vague mixture of the two. Early Jewish Messianism and the Hindu Nirvana practically ignored the individual but hoped for an escape from evil and injustice into a state of happiness, or at least into a condition in which the miseries of life would be no more. Islam and Christianity, on the other hand, centered their interests on heavens and hells in which individuals would receive rewards or punishments according to their desserts. Christianity fused this faith with a Messianism which promised a redeemed humanity living on earth in happiness and peace. But it is to be observed that all these goods were to be handed to mankind as a free gift, not as a result of his own exertions. To be sure there were certain requirements for membership in the "Kingdom": but these were merely arbitrary demands of an all-powerful deity and not intelligent co-operation on the part of the human subject. The scheme of salvation involved a servile and wholly unwholesome assertion of human weakness and sinfulness; it left to mankind no dignity, no self respect. Its aim seemed to be to elevate the idea of God by debasing that of man. The divine plan of saving him was a purely arbitrary act of condescension and must be blindly accepted. The plan was of course based on the customs of human court procedure. As in those days a criminal was allowed to engage a substitute to take the punishment for his sins, so in the divine judgment hall a substitute might be allowed, and Jesus was that substitute. To be effective since human sin was infinite the substitute must also be infinite, which necessity confirmed the deification of Jesus, already largely accomplished by the identification of the great Jewish teacher with the Greek Logos or World-Maker. Since mankind deserved and was destined for Hell it is evident that the substitute must go there, and so there crept into the Christian creed that curious phrase, its source wholly unknown—"he descended into Hell." The earlier form of this doctrine was that it resulted from a bargain agreed to by God and Satan, by which the "saved" were released from Hell on condition of Jesus taking their place. Then by the unexpected—and, by human standards rather dishonest—trick of the resurrection Jesus was released, and the devil was cheated out of his expected triumph. This theory rather grated on the sensibilities of the higher minded of the church leaders and some of its features were modified but essentially it remains about the same to this day. All that was called for on the part of man, was an acceptance of the scheme and ceremonies of initiation largely drawn from certain heathen cults of the early centuries. This initiation

came to be a curious mixture of the sacrifice of the passover lamb, identified with Jesus, the blood sacrifice of the Mithra bull, incarnation of the Victory God of the Roman legions, and the rite of purification used in many initiation services. The Lord's Supper, originally a memorial meal, came in the early centuries, to be another bit of magic, used to restore those who, having fallen into sin after baptism, had no other chance of safety. An elaborate mechanism was developed to administer this whole scheme. Protestantism changed only the executive organization, the general plan being left essentially the same.

Thus it will be seen that the Christian religion was essentially a passive, static affair—a pillow not a spur. Man himself had no important part to play: he must placate an angry deity, but the means were not too difficult, and there was a great magic organization ready to manage and direct the details. We must see ourselves as "worms of the dust," as abject, groveling, creatures, saved without in the least deserving it, from everlasting misery; unable of ourselves to accomplish any good thing. The formal worship of the church took on form appropriate to these ideas. It consisted largely of abject flattery, appropriate to an arbitrary and irresponsible monarch, coupled with equally abject petitions for undeserved favors. All this was modified by a sentimental and irrational worship of Jesus, with an immense exaggeration of his sufferings and of the blind gratitude due him. It was assumed that if we deify and worship him we need not be expected to imitate or obey him, or even pay very much attention to his teaching. It is high time that we simplify our whole attitude toward him, eliminating entirely the element of magic and miracle, and turning with renewed interest to his teaching about life and conduct. Yet even here there is need for caution; for he lived in a time and under conditions very different from our own, and he was himself under the influence of racial traditions and prejudices, some of which are wholly out of keeping with the needs of our civilization if not absolutely injurious. It is evident to any unprejudiced reader of the New Testament that he expected the miraculous appearance of the Messianic Era in his own time with himself as the Messianic king. He believed himself sent exclusively to the Jews. He apparently disapproved of marriage, though the evidence of this is not clear; it would seem at least that he regarded it as a concession to human weakness as Paul did after him. Almost certainly he condemned divorce and remarriage. He believed in a personal devil, who was active in the world leading men astray, and in multitudes of minor demons who might and frequently did, take possession of men, dictating their lives for evil. He condemned riches and urged his followers to seek poverty, he forbade the use of violence and advised an absolutely passive yielding to evil. You have varying opinions about these matters: I would have you take note of your own reactions to these statements. Of course you are not very sure what Jesus did say, for few of you really read your Bibles enough to quote it readily on any matter, but you are sure if you took the trouble to look it up that he would be in accord with your own opinion. Presently, if it is not too inconvenient, you will look helplessly into your New Testaments, or possibly you will consult a Concordance. When or if you find the appropriate passages you will do your best to interpret them according to your own view, and if that is impossible you will say it is probably an incorrect translation and any way he didn't mean it for your conditions. Now it seems to me that my statements above are the most probable interpretations of Jesus' beliefs or opinions as indicated in the Gospels. I may be wrong of course, but there is no way of finding out, and we should recognize and frankly face that fact. Jesus is not an "authority," but a great teacher and agitator. It is altogether a bad practice to hide from our own responsibilities by seeking ready made decisions from anyone no matter how great and good. We should use them for guidance and stimulus, but we should make our own decisions even though we run counter to them. Thus our ideas of wealth and of the use of violence should be based, not on the opinions of Jesus but on our own intelligent understanding of the effects of these things on human life and human values.

I have spoken of the fallacy and evil influence of the imperial idea of God; how about the idea of divine fatherhood? Of course it is a symbol—it is a good symbol? Apparently it is a false symbol if applied to any part of our physical life. There is no being who will save us from accident, from sorrow or loss, from error or disaster. Men will slaughter each other by the thousands and leave the wounded slowly dying in fever, thirst, and agony—no kindly deity will stop the misery of what the Russians call the "moaning field." The exquisite tortures of many diseases must be lived out to the last pang and the last gasp. Old age often lingers along bringing senility and helplessness, and not infrequently lays heavy and undeserved burdens on the following generation. Storm, earthquake, drouth and flood strike mercilessly and indiscriminately on old and young, on good and bad; no "heavenly father" can be counted on to interfere. If indeed some are saved in such disasters, the saving is as meaningless and irrational as the danger. Certainly no watchful protecting "fatherhood" here. I hope all you who are shocked at this statement, will think it over and realize how unreal and sentimental is your attitude. Neither does the symbol apply to our minds—here too we are allowed to fall into the most glaring errors unchecked, to hold and live by violent and unreasoning prejudice. It is only when we come to that

deeper and more mysterious "life of the spirit," that the "Father" symbol seems to have reality and truth. In the range of courage and honor, of loyalty and truth, we may perhaps honestly say "our father." It will be seen that in all this I have been illustrating religion as a pillow, a place to rest softly, as a shield by which we protect ourselves from reality, as an essentially false view of life by which we ward off responsibility, allowing ourselves to accept evil in the pretense that it is disguised good, sent by a kindly parent for our development. Its tendency is to make people soft, yielding, compromising, comfortable. They are good neighbors, and pleasant companions: they obey the laws made for their convenience, they keep out of jail, and have no fines to pay barring one now and then for speeding or illegal possession of liquor. They support the church, which serves them as club house and at the same time gives them a comfortable sense of respectability in this world, and of good prospects for the world to come. The Christian religion is for most of its members, not a spur but a pillow. The church rests on sleepers, is supported by—pillows.

Where are all these followers of the lowly Nazarene when there are crosses to be borne? Which of them climb the steep and toilsome hills of the world's Calvaries? When men and women suffer and starve under the burden of a selfish and indifferent economic system, is it the men and women who deify and worship the Carpenter who undertake the unpopular task of changing the evil acquisitive system, and all those incrusted prejudices of their easy-going lives? No! They contribute meagerly and grudgingly to charity, holding fast to their privileges and comforts, applauding the noisy catchwords of the parties of affluence, shutting their minds to the need for fundamental change in social aims and the institutions and practices which have brought them comfort at the expense of misery to thousands. The church is the bulwark of conservatism; its gospel is a defence of things as they are. It puts a silencer on the trumpet of God, it keeps in its sheath the sword of the spirit, it serves as an anesthetic to the awakening life of new creation in the world. Serving the well-to-do and their lackeys, it has lost or is losing the working class generally, and is looked upon with contempt or hostility by their leaders. Its support comes largely from those predatory interests and individuals who by accumulation of wealth and power have made themselves practically dictators of our industrial and political life, and by their narrow-minded and selfish leadership have brought wreckage and hopelessness into the lives of millions. They have introduced famine and despair into the midst of plenty, driven the poor from their wretched shelters to walk hopelessly the dusty highways of the world, closed the sources of wealth to the skilled and ingenious workmen so that their potential powers die daily and uselessly, and are preparing the way for actual world conflict in which the masses of mankind will blindly slay each other in the effort to find their ways to the bursting granaries of food, the crowded shelves of clothing, the empty houses shut in the faces of their unsheltered wives and children. The church preaches patient endurance and promises vague salvation. A crowning and typical ineptitude which we may expect any day is a nation-wide revival calling sinners to the mourner's bench to repent their petty or imaginary sins, and urging them to accept the sufferings they must endure as a gift of God!

But religion has not always been a pillow. The first century or two of Christianity was a stimulant, not an opiate for many, who were lifted out of the commonplace and set to years of glorious creative life. Alas that the aim of it was so misleading and ultimately so destructive of the very energy it called forth! Islam too was a trumpet, which for a time awoke a small and seemingly insignificant people into intense activity—but handicapped by a false theory and a fierce intolerance it became a world menace instead of a world blessing. The Protestant Reformation again, used religion as a spur, but it had no intelligent world aim, carrying over the deadening idea of an irrational deity, an evil world, and future bliss to be attained by spectacular ceremonies of initiation. The intellectual awakening occurring about the same time, was split off from the blind emotional life of the Reformation and these two elements of life which should have been in close partnership moved on in mutual hostility which still remains, a handicap on the working out of a nobler human civilization. Nothing in the history of mankind is more tragic than this separation of the growing intellectual life of the world from that creative impulse which is the vital element of religion. Take for example Luther's demand for individual freedom, for the removal of the stifling hand of the priesthood from the throat of an oppressed and struggling humanity. Naturally there came an immediate response from the peasantry living in misery under the iron despotism of the hereditary owners of the soil. They rose in revolt, demanding some very mild alleviations of their sufferings: Luther, for all his enthusiasm for individual religion, was startled at the idea of individual freedom for the peasantry—even the meager demands of these poor folk frightened the monastery-trained reformer, and threw him into the welcoming arms of the feudal politicians, happy indeed to escape from the rigid rule of the papacy and to have the unhappy common folk turned to happiness in heaven rather than decent treatment on earth. And on the other hand all the interest of the scientific spirit was directed to the material world rather than to the institutions of man. It may be noted that the few attempts to picture ideal human society came not from

the representatives of religion but from scientists and philosophers: Plato, Bacon, Moore and the like. Augustine's City of God was not in this evil world but in the world yet to come beyond death.

So religion as a spur, undirected by intelligent aim or purpose, is as likely as not to work against human interests. Power without direction is more dangerous than mere weakness. Fire going wild destroys cities and lives; fire directed, lights our houses, runs our cars, carries our messages. Religion long and in many lands the opiate of the people, in other lands and times a conflagration and a disaster, may yet be the great civilizing influence of mankind. A spur may cause a runaway and disaster if the reins are not as well managed as the spur. It is not enough to connect the ignition and throw in the clutch, there must be also a hand at the wheel and an intelligent mind behind the hand. There should be these three: enthusiasm, the spur; vision, the purpose; intelligence, the way. If any one of the three is lacking religion goes astray and becomes evil rather than good. The first crusade aroused wild enthusiasm, and it had vision—that of a perfected, holy, nation in the holy land; but there was no intelligent direction behind it and it failed miserably. Later crusades held much of the enthusiasm, and were intelligently directed, but the vision was lost and they became mere wars of conquest. What is called Humanism today is intelligent and has clear vision, but lacks fire. Revivalism rouses enthusiasm by all sorts of vague appeals and warnings but has neither vision nor intelligence.

And now, what about today? The War and the unexpected collapse of our industrial system based on acquisitiveness have forced us to the revaluation of the elements of which life is made. We are facing another of those great periods which shape the future for many years to come, and perhaps determine the success or failure of a race or a civilization. This period deeply needs a new religion based on and developed from the old ones: a religion which throws into the discard the superstitions, the mythologies, and the theologies of the middle ages, substituting therefor a clear vision of an ideal future for humanity, a deeply founded enthusiasm for that end, and an intelligent program based on understanding for accomplishing it in the briefest possible time and with the least possible suffering. These essential elements of religion will not be handed to us for casual asking. The demons of selfishness and greed can be driven out only by struggle, by "fasting and prayer." Not sleepy acquiescence with religion as a pillow, but the more abundant life with religion as a spur, will enable us to choose the "pearl of great price"—truth, beauty and brotherhood —as against the cheap imitation pearls—ease, comfort and respectability. And this higher level of life can only be attained by the fusion of our personal, average, every-day lives with that all-including higher life which we may call God. It is at once the deepest mystery and the most certain and intimate experience that we live always double lives: the temporary life of the individual self with its hungers and thirsts, its narrow but intense desires; and the greater life of the spirit which we share with our fellows, with its greater longings, and its sense of communion with a greater self in whose plans and purposes we have vital part.

Our age with its knowledge of history and its growing control over nature, may hope as no earlier age could hope, to make its visions real so that "the kingdom" may actually come on earth, as no dreamer has ever been able to picture it in the cloudy and stupid heavens he has attempted to describe. We want a material world adjusted to the needs of man: its mountains and valleys here and there smoothed into highways, but for the most part preserved in all their beauty and charm to be great parks and play grounds for our leisure hours; its broad fields supplying abundance without excessive labor. We want to get rid of poverty, by distributing to all the food, shelter, convenience and beauty which we have learned to create so easily and so abundantly. We want a world without wars and without hatreds, constantly developing nobler and more intelligent manhood—the conquest of disease, the elimination of prejudice, the attainment of genuine brotherhood. Much of this we have achieved already in part, and its full achievement is only (only!) a matter of loyalty, of devotion, of persistent dedication. We have made the lightning our errand boy; sun-power, a million years buried, carries us whither we will even to the ends of the earth; the earth floods us with surplus food, clothes us beyond the glories of Solomon, shelters us in palaces. We can do what we will with earth—but what can we do with ourselves? Shall we serve God or Mammon? Shall we lose our higher lives in saving our lower lives? Our faith has driven many of us and of our forefathers into the strenuous life of human service—shall we pad the spur and hide it in a pillow? Shall we not rather arouse ourselves into vivid and vigorous life, taking the stimulating power of our religion into business, into politics —and even into our meeting-houses?

Jesse H. Holmes.

Jottings

Albert Einstein is in the country and the government at Washington still lives!

The depression is deflating college athletics; it is cutting down excessive governmental expenditures;

it is making political corruption as noisome as it is impossible. All of which shows that Shakespeare was right—there is "good in everything."

A reviewer of the report of the President's Committee on Social Trends, writing in the *New Republic,* explains that he can refer only to "some of the more basic chapters." He then proceeds to discuss inventions, metropolitan communities, crime, taxation, women, and omits education, childhood and youth, health, religious organizations, and public welfare. What do you mean, "basic"?

Variety reports that a careful poll of 150 cities in the United States and Canada reveals that the three most popular radio programs in America are Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, and Jack Pearl; in the Dominion, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera Company. We always knew the Canadians were unprogressive.

We get great comfort out of the social columns of the newspapers. After shuddering over the reports of increasing unemployment, decreasing relief funds, the starvation, misery, and despair of millions, one is lifted up to catch the headline, "New Game Thrills Colony in Florida," and to read that "the season's play in diamondball" was opened up at Palm Beach "on the floodlighted Poinciana Field" in the presence of a company of men and women whose names occupy six inches of newspaper space.

The phrase, "government ownership," should never be used, but only "public ownership." For the government never owns anything! It is the people who own, or should own, through the agency of government. J. H. H.

Biblical Humanists

When Lothair, the hero of Disraeli's novel of that name, first saw Theodora, the woman who most influenced his life, wearing a gold star on her forehead, and when he was told that she had invented a new religion, he declined the offer of an introduction, being already perplexed by one too many religions. In the same spirit the news of the religion of Humanism has been received by many of us today.

Among this number are some who feel that there are already far too many religions for any resulting good. And who can deny, when he views the iniquitous state of mankind, that all efforts to reform the world by means of a religion seem futile? Yet there ever remains the hope that our latest adventure will prove the successful one, and the claim of the founder of the first humanist society that Humanism is different from other religions in a marked degree, will attract many to it.

Humanism's chief claim to novelty as a religion is that it rejects the supernatural, discards prayer and worship, and pins its faith to humanity instead of to divinity. To those who get their greatest religious thrill from the contemplation of the mystery of the supernatural, Humanism will doubtless seem a hollow and empty thing, for it makes no attempt to explain that most baffling of beings,—God—but goes about its business of trying to improve humanity without any outside help, apparently agreeing with Kant that the existence of a God can be neither proved nor disproved.

In its confession of faith in the integrity of mankind and its authority over any deity which we are able to conceive, the religion of Humanism has good precedent in valorous men of the Bible. For it is recorded in several instances that some of these in time of supreme test, thrust God aside and leaned entirely on their convictions. Great men they were, whose courage and independence challenge the world today.

First of these is Abraham, who, though he must be criticized in some things, especially in his willingness to sacrifice his son, rises in one instance to sublime heights. One of the most inspiring passages in all literature is that where Abraham argues with the Lord over the destruction of Sodom, saying:

> That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked that be far from thee: Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?

Surely here is a man worthy to be the patron saint of the Humanist. How he persists, though confessing he is "but ashes and dust," and asking the Lord not to be angry with him! But he sticks to his own conviction as to what is right and wrong and holds the Lord to the right, by his persistence making the latter appear a vindictive and inferior person. In this passage Abraham transcends human ideals of deity in the same way the Humanist today proclaims his reliance on his own nature, guided by the moral law within—the law which Sophocles's Antigone proclaimed as existing so long ago that man knows not when it began to exist.

Another great Humanist of the Bible is Moses at his best. Poor Moses, badgered on the one hand by the many unreasonable demands made upon him by the Lord—demands which kept him busy not only making and executing laws enough to put to shame even our own legislative bodies, to say nothing of the endless details of the tabernacle he was commanded to make and the elaborate system of sacrifices he was required to establish—and pestered on the other hand by the rebellion of the people! No wonder he at length lost his patience and spoke in an unmannerly way to the Almighty when he heard the Children of Israel crying in the doorways of their tents, repining for the flesh and the greens of Egypt.

> Wherefor hast thou afflicted thy servant? he asks. And wherefor have I not found favor in thy sight, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? Have I conceived all this people? Have I begotten them that thou should'st say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom as a nursing father beareth the suckling child, unto the land which thou swearest to their fathers?

Moses said more than this, and at last, by talking to the Lord as man to man, he obtained meat for the

people sick and tired and undernourished by the monotony of a manna diet, and their nerves frazzled by the trials of the journey toward the Promised Land.

But the supreme test of Moses came when he revolted at the slaughter of the people because they had worshipped the golden calf, and asked forgiveness for them instead of revenge, and delivered his ultimatum to the Almight thus:

"If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." Here Moses shows himself a perfect Humanist, casting in his lot with his fellowmen rather than with the Creator. I cannot but think that he had become just as wearied with the Lord as he was with the Children of Israel. Wearied with all the foolish and vain requirements of praise and worship and sacrifice—for any one, even a God, who insists on holding the center of the stage and having his word taken as law, who demands constant flattery and praise, becomes very tiresome, to say nothing of the vindictiveness of the God of Moses in sending fire, serpents, slaughter and other plagues to punish his chosen people.

Then there are the three great Humanists who defied King Nebuchadnezzer. The careless indifference of these heroes in the face of the fiery furnace as indicated by their answer to the king, fills me with amazed admiration. Said they, spurning him and his golden image:

> O, Nebuchadnezzer, we are not careful to answer you in this matter. If it be so our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

These heroes, among the greatest the world has ever seen, were not putting their trust even in their own God, but in their own convictions, careless of the consequences. They surely are the greatest of Humanists.

Yet when all is said and done, and while we may reserve the final decision as to right and wrong for ourselves, excluding even deity, life seems impossible to mankind without a God of some sort. It may be just the habit of ages, but how lost men will be for the first few thousand years without anyone but themselves to blame for the evil in the world and none but themselves to praise for its blessings! For a calm and superior intellect like that of Kant perhaps the contemplation of the starry heavens without and the moral law within may suffice. But not, I fear, for ordinary mortals! Even the great Humanists of the Bible did not seem to get along without God any better than God was able to get along without them, though in their highest moments they did thrust him aside. So the religion of Humanism will no doubt encounter the same old troubles of other religions and will find its converts reverting to the old gods or taking up with strange ones, turning in imagination to some heavenly comforter in sorrow and calling upon him to bring swift judgment on those who offend them.

That we are about to have a new God concocted by the brains of the psychologists is evident, and in fact such a God is even now in the making. But each of us will keep right on, most likely, making our own God as we have done in the past. But the need of some sort of standardization would seem to be badly needed, judging at least from the answers made some time ago by Sunday School children to whom questions about God have been put by Dr. MacLean, and made public by Teachers College of Columbia University. These answers of the children were perhaps just as intelligent as the answers of the same number of adults would have been, though Dr. MacLean called them ignorant beliefs.

MAY STRANAHAN.

A Note on Berlin

The American who comes to Berlin generally stops at the Hotel Esplanade or Hotel Eden, admires the luxurious displays in the show cases along Unter den Linden, takes pleasure in visiting the large, well-kept coffee houses at the Kurfuerstendamm, and then asks, "Where is the poverty here?" His exclamation is justified, for he sees only the splendor, the grandeur, and the bright lights.

The Hotel Eden, with its spacious lobby and lounging rooms, its heavily carpeted floors, its long narrow roof-garden overlooking the city, where gay couples swirl across the dance floor every afternoon, can be compared with any first class hotel in New York. The delightful coffee gardens and restaurants fill the Kurfuerstendamm with a life and an atmosphere absolutely unknown to the United States. Now and then a few bars of some popular song escape through the open windows of one of the shops and limp into the night air and to the ears of the passers-by. The shops are richly but tastily decorated and furnished, each in an individual style. Around tea time and after eight o'clock in the evening, vacant seats are rather rare. Waiters in swallowtails, or waitresses in charming period costumes, artfully juggle heavily-laden trays, contracting their muscles as they reel in and out between chairs and tables, down narrow aisles, and past small groups of patrons trying to decide where to go. A strange sound, somewhat similar to the cries of magpies or grackles, greets the newcomer at the door. It seems everybody is talking at once and wants to be understood. Foreign languages, chiefly French, Russian and a strongly accentuated German, are audible above the general chaos.

Here they sit, men and women, young and old, for four or five hours at a time, displaying their new gowns or hats, greeting the friends that pass by, and indulging only in a pot of coffee for 1 Mark (about 24c) and a piece of cake for 30 Pfennig (about 7c), or in a glass of beer for 40 Pfennig (about 9½c). Certainly, any purse will permit its owner such an evening of pleasure. As for the profits for the innkeeper, an American would have a slight attack of melancholia and proclaim a depression period is here.

Interesting is it to note what a waiter earns. He is able to manage at the most eight tables of four places each, occupied twice daily. Of the amount collected from each customer he is paid 10 per cent, in other words $1.98 per day as salary.

Of course not everybody in Berlin enjoys the coolness of the summer evenings from a comfortable chair in one of these coffee gardens. In this same section there are thousands of widows, old ladies and old men, who consider such an evening a luxury. Of

the spacious apartments they possess, since pre-war times they have rented most of the rooms in order to meet the demands of the owner of the house. Some of them receive a small pension, enough for food and clothing. Others are obliged to earn sufficient for these human needs as house-keepers, seamstresses, or through some profession which they are able to carry on. Most of them are about sixty or seventy years of age and have never learned a trade, since they were formerly well to do. Today, conditions force them to grind their own corn.

Few foreigners ever find an opportunity to pass through the northern and eastern sections of Berlin. The yellow, hollow-cheeked faces and the bulging eyes one encounters here make one shudder. Misery and distress seem to be written on every house-door, every shop-window, every stone in the pavement. It is here that most of the unemployed roam about the streets. Some of them receive a small amount from the government, a percentage of their former salary. Thus, for instance, a family of six content themselves with 45 Marks (about $16.42) a month. The rent for the living quarters, one room and kitchen, is 22.75 Marks (about $5.42). Two quarts of thick soup a day, and at times some old clothes, they are able to procure from an aid station in the city. Otherwise, they must manage with what they have. Some people, however, receive as low as 3.20 Marks (about 77c) per week. Occasionally an unemployed man is offered work, fourteen to twenty-one hours a week at 72 Pfennig (about 17c) per hour. In other words, he supports himself and his family on the enormous salary of $3.60 a week. Yet in this way many are able to look to the government for food and shelter, are happy to receive even the smallest sum in order to exist, and are grateful for the slightest gift, a pair of old shoes or a cup of coffee, presented to them. On the other hand, thousands of graduates from the various colleges prefer to receive no support whatever. They are willing to work, as newsboys or waiters, if not in their own branches, but no position is open to them. What are they to do in order to keep body and soul together?

Of course, begging has won its place as a profession. Yet such a vast number of men and women have turned to this for an upkeep, that only about two Marks (a little less than 50c) a day can be squeezed out of the purses of the better-situated. Still, beggars are everywhere, and at all times of the day and night. Prostitution also flourishes on every side.

These are the conditions the traveler overlooks. Therefore, in his account of foreign travels, he paints his pictures in glowing colors and bright sunlight.

EDITHE BUSSE.

Berlin, Germany.

Trumpets on New Horizons

In Time

All wrongs shall be avenged, since time advances
The ends for which we've vainly fought and dreamed . . .
When we are gone, and they who wield our lances
Know nothing of the hopes they have redeemed.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Cry of the Humble

Come give to us our daily work
That we may earn our daily bread.
It is no wish of ours to shirk,
Our dear ones must be clothed and fed.

All we ask is the chance to toil
And earn the coin with which to buy
What we owe to our love which now may spoil,
What we owe to our children who now may die.

Oh, ask from us our daily work
That we may eat. For little we cry,
But refuse and find what dangers lurk!
Beware before you crucify!

ELIZABETH VOSS.

Charity

The ostentatious wolf among the flocks,
  Self-satisfied and bursting with conceit,
The subtle, sly and machinating fox,
  The dodder plant that claims to be the wheat,
The fetter that drags down to grim despair,
  The breath of which will quail the bravest heart,
The slick device to cover up a snare
  And flaunt on grand parade the paupers' smart.

It smears with pious unction those who give
  And drains the self-respect from those who take,
Decreed by pride, the richman's sedative,
  And tars the poor with more than mental ache;
This fact resounds with vibrant clarity,
  The truth can't bear the smell of charity.

WILBY HEARD.

Bread Line

What means these silent men in line?
  Their look of hunger keen?
I watch who have both bread and wine,
  And know that life is lean.

They tremble as they forward go
  To snatch a bitter crust,
A thousand men all in a row
  Begrimed with dirt and lust.

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

The Crown of Creation

God's spirit moved upon the inky sea
Like fire tangled in a veil of mist,
Condensing stars that moved majestically . . .
These new suns lighted cooling worlds and kissed
All earthy things until from inert mud
The lily bloomed amid the curling green
Of leaves reflected in the mirror flood . . .
I cannot count the wonders I have seen
For I have watched a May fly dry its wings
Like yellow sails beneath a ragged sky:
My ears have heard the dusky bird that sings,
With gushing heart, its twilight lullaby,
But all the upward urge love could impart
Fell short until God made a mother-heart.

HARRY ELMORE HURD.

Miracles That Die

All things alike I'd tread till day is done
And learn to keep our kindred angles free.
I'd scope with sundry quirks that twist and run
Too copiously devoid of truth's decree.
I'd grasp the very guarded pales of hell,
Which bars of fate have segregated there,
And sharpen pulsant quips that tongue might tell
That separate equitals cure despair.
For blossoms bow and spread a withered pall
And carnivals of choristers go by,
While murky floods of night will cover all
Must life depend on miracles that die?
Eternal streets are paved with loaves of leaven,—
The mystic marches happily to heaven.

AMY CROCKER LEIGHTON.

Gandhi, the Man and the Mahatma

[A Tribute by a Fellow-Countryman]

The clue to Gandhi's greatness lies in his name. He is today the hope of a struggling nation, the pride of a better part of the materialistic world. He is a people's darling spite of some that still would say he is not. The name that his people have given him in reverence, in admiration, in pride, in more than pride, in greatness born of the admiration of the great, should describe him far better than mere descriptions can. He is the Mahatma—The Great Soul.

When the Buddha was born to deliver men from themselves, and to announce to them the kingdom of Heaven, the thought took strong hold of men that he was a God born into this world of misery out of his love for humanity. Men said that he was an Avatar, an incarnation of a supreme God. It was a superstitious age, and a superstitious people. But who knows? —perhaps, wiser in their superstitions than we in our skepticism. Would they not have called Gandhi an Avatar without the least hesitation about the business?

He is not called Sri Gandhi as Hindu tradition dictates. He is not called Gandhi the Great, for he is no greater than his neighbor in the prison-cell. His greatness is born of the realization of the soul-force latent in every man. He is not the mere orator who has endeared himself to the people by provoking their passion or by playing upon their patriotism. He is not the aspirant—I wonder whether it will ever be recorded of him that, when young, he formed the resolution of becoming great and making the world ring with his name, as it is recorded of other men—great no doubt but less great, successful perhaps yet less divine, like Napoleon, Caesar, Nietzsche.

He is more like that genius, Shakespeare, who arose from nowhere, did his lifework in silence, and died somewhere still unknown. The greatest work of Gandhi, it may be said to his glory is still done in silence. Leave aside the political, the national influence he exerts, and the admiration he compels from every corner of the world. Leave aside newspaper headlines and cheap tributes at so many guineas a column and the wordy reports of newspaper correspondents. It is not from these that the real soul of Gandhi is to be understood. But—in the hearts of men he has infused more confidence as to the power that really lies in the single individual. He has demonstrated the awakening of the soul-force slumbering in man. A people have awakened to the tune of his genius. In the remotest, the most illiterate corner of India the peasant talks of him with an admiration, pronounces his name with a veneration that the Olympian Gods might well envy.

Like that other compeer of his, we should know nothing of his life; but should judge him by his works. Not but that his work is in conformity with his life—how can it help being such? His work is but the natural climax of his life. When men come to reckon his place among the stars that illume mankind always and beckon it on to great glories and destinies and heavens, he will be considered a star of the first magnitude; his life will have become merged in his work, as Shakespeare's has done now four centuries after his death. It will only be said that

> Gandhi was one of the chosen. He rose and found his work waiting for him—and he did it with never a questioning look, never lifting up his voice in protest against the decree of God. He was the Mahatma—he was the Man and the Mahatma—born to lead and to win!

He best illustrates the definition of Emerson:

> He has made no party pledge to defend this or that, but was appointed by the Eternal, the Lord Almighty, before he came into the world to stand for this which he upholds.

Politics is but as foam on the stream of life. Gandhi, to me, will not be the greatest politician the world has produced; but the greatest man in modern India—and that is saying a good deal even today. India might still remain a mere nothing among nations, or take the last rank in the League of Nations—though such will not and cannot be the issue of the present struggle—but its greatest glory shall be this One Man. His name will be added to the list that comes down from historic and pre-historic India—the list that contains the names of the sages that have helped to compose the Vedas, the rishis that have made for India a culture that humanity can never let die, the Lord Buddha, the Emperor Asoka, Swami Ramakrishna.

K. N. S. MANYAM.

Swamimallai, S. India.

Let England Leave India Alone

Persia has been a great inspiration to me. The whole country under the powerful statesmanship of her great King Reza Shah Pahlavi is marching on ahead very fast. Persia is being unified; her baffling customs and superstitions ruthlessly eliminated; her educational and social foundations are being securely established on a healthy nationalism which is in harmony with the modern age.

As an Indian it gave me great pleasure to see with my own eyes what a people can achieve under the stress of freedom, how the enthusiasm of nation-building can radically change conditions which are the result of age-long accumulated inertia and dependence on others.

The problem of India is more complicated, but what I say to the British government is that they should leave us alone to our destiny, and let us solve our own problems in the light of experiment and efforts and necessary suffering. We need the wisdom born of experience and initiative and must face reality in our own way so that we may exploit the full potentialities of our people.

When others talk of our communal conflicts, linguistic differences and various social disharmonies, they conveniently forget that Europe also, even a short time ago, was in no better plight and yet she did not unmanfully accept her limitations as inevitable; she has struggled through her dark periods at immense sufferings and sacrifices which have been worthily rewarded by access to a people's eternal right to self-rule.

Spanish inquisitions, witch-burning, Catholic and Protestant warfares, anti-scientific campaigns and fanaticism—you can go on adding to such unenviable activities of Europe till you come to the Great War

when science and modernism only helped to intensify the savagery of fratricidal combat.

Let the people of Asia profit by the lessons which their brothers in the West have to teach us. Truth and freedom are for all, and we shall be proud to accept the gifts of modern Western science, adapting them to the needs of our national genius, our special traditions and circumstances.

India is on her path to self-realization. She cannot afford to waste her priceless spiritual and intellectual resources in enforced emulation of ready-made ideals from outside. She must evolve her own civilization unhampered by her dead past or her modern political slavery.

My visit to Persia has given me faith in the power of the Eastern peoples to assert themselves and quickly find their way to a united manifestation of their undying heritage in spite of conflict and difficult economic circumstances.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Study Table

In Old Spain's Domain

The situation of Mexico after her war with the United States was precarious. Her border with us was weak. There was danger in all the northern states, but especially in the northwest—Sonora, Sinaloa and Baja California. The population was scanty, distance from the city of Mexico was great and communication difficult, defence was weak. Apaches and other Indians made frequent raids from the United States, burning, destroying and carrying off cattle and other property. The Treaty of Guadalupe promised that we would protect the border and prevent the raids but we did little. After the Gadsden Purchase, unpopular with the Mexicans, was consummated, even this slight assistance ceased. With the discovery of gold in California, fortune seekers flocked to the new field and one of the most popular routes was through the northern states of Mexico. Many tramps and vagabonds, American and European, thus had opportunity to see and appreciate the weakness of the Mexicans and the chances for profit. Many Mexicans, unhappy and discouraged, left Sonora to try their luck in the new land of gold, still further complicating the problem. Those who remained were in desperate need. They hated the Americans but had little loyalty or respect for the central government, which was unable to help them. They were ready for plotting and schemes of secession and separation. The Mexican government tried to attract settlers and establish protection centers, but with almost no result. Among the adventurers from many lands who flocked to California were numbers of French. Most of them met disappointment and found themselves stranded, without resources or prospects. They were disliked also by the Americans and others already there and met with discrimination and hostility. In such surroundings and amid such an assemblage of diverse people, filibustering was in the air. To the south lay Baja California, Sonora, Sinaloa, regions reputedly rich, scantly populated, inadequately protected. Various schemes of invasion—peaceful penetration or hostile seizure were plotted; some were put into operation. The most notable of these were by the unhappy and disgruntled Frenchmen. The attempts took place during the period from 1850 to 1854. Dr. Wyllys tells their story in "The French in Sonora."[1] He claims that it is the first full discussion in English. Three attempts were made, the most important being that of Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon. It was a bold enterprise at conquest under a mask of peaceful and governmentally encouraged settlement. In the beginning it had the encouragement of the French Minister at Mexico City and of Santa Ana, then President. Ostensibly it was a scheme of colonization, development and defence. In a first excursion the Count took his settlers to the lands allotted them. The party was armed, of course, as one of its purposes was defence of the district. As soon as they had settled the Count encouraged a separatist movement. He gained the capital, Hermosillo, by a battle. His expected Mexican helpers failed him and he was obliged to withdraw, returning to San Francisco. He reopened negotiations with Santa Ana and, notwithstanding what had happened, new agreements were made. He was to send in small parties, at intervals, to be distributed where needed. Instead of this, he sent a large party at once, well armed. He joined them surreptitiously. His intentions were suspected and preparations were made for defence of the port, Guaymas. The settlers had already been received, however. A real battle took place in which the Mexicans gained the victory. The whole scheme crumbled. The leader was tried by court martial and executed. It is a strange story, dramatic and tragic. There are features of mystery in it. Was it encouraged in Paris? What was its full purpose? Who was to benefit? Not only does Dr. Wyllys tell the story in full detail; it is a work of scholarship. The bibliography consulted was extensive and much use was made of documentary material, some of which is given in full in the appendices.

For years past we have been warned that Hubert Howe Bancroft carried no authority and that William Prescott was a mere romancer. That we now have a life of Pedro de Alvarado,[2] first lieutenant of Cortes in the Conquest of Mexico and himself conqueror and founder of Guatemala, in which Bancroft and Prescott are constantly quoted as authorities shows how far back the pendulum has swung. The story of Pedro de Alvarado is an interesting one and it is here told from the point of view of hero-worship, which is rare in these days. Of course John Eoghan Kelly is an Irishman if there is anything in a name and an Irishman has a *natural* sympathy with the Spaniard of Alvarado's type. We say natural advisedly. Dolmens of Ireland and Spain are suggestively similar and the last viceroy of Mexico was an O'Donohugh. Gunsaulus may be an Irish name and Gonzales is clearly Spanish, but the family seems to be one. Fitzmaurice Kelly wrote a History of Spanish Literature and Eoghan Kelly now gives us this biography in which he tells us that "No complete biography of Alvarado has heretofore been published in any language to the best of the present writer's knowledge." During the last decade Mr. Kelly has made seven journeys into Guatemala where he has had access to documents which have been unknown to other writers. He has thus had "the

1. "The French in Sonora." Rufus Kay Wyllys. Berkeley: 1932. University of California Press. 8 vo. pp. xii. 319. Price $3.50.

2. "Pedro de Alvarado, Conquistador." John Eoghan Kelly. Princeton: 1932. Princeton University Press. 8 vo. pp. xiii. 279. Price $3.50.

opportunity to study the life of the Conqueror on the scene of his exploits." In his admiration for Don Pedro our author has a bias against the Indians. He speaks of his authority as "bigoted Bancroft" because of *his* bias in their favor. The book is in two parts—the first dealing with Alvarado, the lieutenant of Homan Cortes (1485-1523), the second considering Alvarado, The Conquistador (1524-1541). The Cortesian conquest is well known and there is little new that can be said regarding it: the conquest of Guatemala is less known and here the reader finds more that is new. The style is concise; there is no padding. In his admiration for his hero, our author surely overestimates the man. There are many weak spots in Alvarado's career—like his blunders when left in charge of the city of Mexico, his ill-judgment in the Quito expedition, his foolhardiness against advice which led to his death. These were all errors of judgment, weaknesses of an over ardent and impetuous nature. In his preface Kelly says:

> Overhold, impetuous to the point of rashness in his early years, Alvarado possessed the quality of personal magnetism that won and held the allegiance of his turbulent followers and the awe and respect of his Indian adversaries.

This is a fair characterization, but we insist that overboldness and impetuosity lasted through his life. Alvarado's personal magnetism was clearly shown not only as Kelly indicates, but in the way in which he emerged triumphant on the occasions when he was forced to plead his defence in Spain. While we cannot fully share Kelly's enthusiasm for *Tonatiuh* (the sun), as the Indians called the Conqueror of Guatemala, we are glad to have so good a biography of him.

A contribution of exceptional importance upon the Philippines is Moncado's "America, the Philippines and the Orient."[3] The author is himself a Filipino, a young man and an excellent writer. He has achieved a remarkable feat in *The Filipino Federation of America,* of which he is founder and head. Its announced program of purposes and principles is of the clearest and most definite. He is also the leader of the new *Modernist Party.* The Federation was organized at the end of 1925 with twelve members. It numbers at present "twenty-five thousand matriculate and submatriculate members in continental America and Hawaii, and more than a million associate members in the Philippines." It is an active organization with headquarters at Los Angeles, where its staff consists of almost two hundred men and women, all Filipinos. The *Partido Modernista* (Modernist Party) takes the place of the late Democratic Party of the Philippines, and was founded in Washington early this year. It will no doubt play a significant part in island politics. Moncado's book is a direct and emphatic statement of facts. Rarely have we found any discussion of the field which it covers with which we so nearly agree. His statement of the relations between the United States and the Philippines is made without fear or favor. He considers the Philippines a part of Asia and holds that their interests are Asiatic interests. The islands are and should be related to Japan, China, Siam and India. He would have a community of policy and a strong cooperation between Japan, China and the Philippines and he envisages an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine—but a Monroe Doctrine that is not unilateral. He objects, of course, to the United States meddling in Asiatic affairs. What would happen if Japan and China were to meddle in the Isthmian and Caribbean area? They have as much right to do so as we have to dictate in Manchuria. Moncado is almost the only writer upon the recent difficulties, who emphasizes Willard Straight's part in affairs. It is important that it should be clearly seen and appreciated. Dr. Moncado demands independence, complete and immediate, for the Philippines. In this book he does not refer to the proposed separation of Mindanao, but he would oppose it bitterly. He is wise in his attitude to the language question. Why should the Philippines adopt English? The developmnet of a national language is natural. simple and easy. It does not even call for as definite and intentional action as he contemplates. Of course we *must* give the Filipinos complete independence before we exclude them—and exclusion, given our psychology, is inevitable. Our author demands, and justly, that there shall be no reservation for coaling and naval stations. It is perhaps too much to expect the Democrats, now in power, to do all that is desirable, but they *should* grant independence at once and without conditions. As President Wilson said—they have met our requirements; we should keep our promises.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. "America, the Philippines and the Orient." Hilario Camino Moncado. New York: 1932. Fleming H. Revell Co. 16 mo. pp. 214. Price $2.00.

A New Napoleon

To the long litany of Napoleonism, recently enriched by Ludwig and Merejkowski, Hilaire Belloc adds his turgid tones.* Prefacing his creation with a short sonorous fugue evocative of the Emperor's career, he takes a deep breath, and then strikes the opening chords of a symphony, orchestrated on the background of the French Revolution, through which Bonaparte moves at a resounding prestissimo from the lyric scherzo of Brienne to the *finale funebre* of St. Helena. To rehearse the details of that march, already the theme of an infinite chorus of composers, is superfluous. And this fact renders further comment on the work equally so.

Exception, however, may be taken to the *leitmotif*: that the present European imbroglio must be regarded as the logical result of Napoleon's failure to establish a United States of Europe, i. e., his personal world dictatorship! This strain, dubious in itself, has the effect of weakening many of the most brilliant passages in the score, by far the finest Mr. Belloc has ever produced. And this hero-worship, while not pitched on too shrill a key, also distorts both proportion and perspective; the reiterated bugle note, "greatest of captains," seems equivocal in unspoken comparison with the thunderous kettle-drums of Genghis Khan. Last but not least, Mr. Belloc's religious bias, pervading the entire symphony in a subtle undercurrent, though it enriches its strains with many a chord and color, is an additional dissonance, retarding the rhythm, halting the harmonies.

To turn from metaphor to plain clothes, Mr. Belloc has written in a charming poetic style a life of Napoleon that is at once dramatic, lyric, philosophic—all in all, a most readable biography. But he has not realized Napoleon as did Ludwig; his work lacks the pageantry of Anderson's "Quarrelsome Bonapartes"; and it is doubtful whether the final results justify this further addition to an already over-stocked literature.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*"Napoleon," by Hilaire Belloc. Published by Lippincott and Company.

Correspondence

Technocracy

Editor of UNITY:

Technocracy, like creation, is based upon energy. Without energy, there would have been no universe. Technocracy is great, because it is an expression of energy. Creation, itself, was and is a mathematical, mechanical, energy event. These forces stand at the switchboard of our spinning spheres and dusty spaces, and were they to default in performance, even for sixty seconds, our universe would be destroyed. If you have doubts as to the offices of Energy, gaze for one moment upon a crystal snowflake, or the frost pattern on the window, or take a fling at astronomy or chemistry.

If nature be an expression of mathematics, mechanics and energy, and if God in creating and maintaining the universe, employs these implements, then may they not be called divine agencies? If so, are not the voices of mathematics, mechanics and energy but the voices of cosmic, elemental, universal authority?

I am affected emotionally by Technocracy, and the more I weigh it, the stouter grows my belief in its sanity and efficiency. Technocracy will not only stabilize production and distribution, it will elevate and purify affairs of state. There are vast, vital, creative forces embedded inherently in nature, which, when mankind becomes lost and cries out for help, ever come to his release, Technocracy is such a force, revealed to those having the ear to hear and the eye to see, these intimations from without. There are mighty treasure-truths hidden away from man, deep down in the dark mines of time, which when he is altogether perplexed and undone, good old nature digs out for his release, and standing the puny biped on his feet, bids him go in peace.

Technocracy will free man from fear, hatred, war and despair. I can picture man so released, and as he works, a song is on his lips, as once man sang before the rattle of the machine, or the pomp of a boss, smothers his voice.

Under Technocracy, I see the love and fancy, the faith and beauty, the trust and gladness of youth projected on into manhood, even unto old age, where tribe and nation shall compete in marathons of cultural excellencies and ethical magnificences. Technocracy implies truth and accuracy, it will be an economic release leading up to new spiritual values. Technocracy is the prologue to the greatest drama ever enacted upon the stage of social science, and its sponsors are, the good, the true and the beautiful.

Technocracy, sired by and born of truth, a shield to man, may be nothing less than a gift from the great Engineer of the universe, the Creator of all things. At any rate, Technocracy has spoken and all the perversive forces of earth shall not prevail against it, because it is built of the universal timbers of creation. It speaks the language of mathematics, mechanics, energy and Technology, the voices of authority.

Chicago, Illinois. J. H. OSTRANDER.

India News from London

Editor of UNITY:

A few weeks ago I wrote you a brief letter telling your readers of two publications in London which furnished trustworthy news from India and supported India's struggle for freedom, namely *The India Review* and *The India Bulletin*. I regret to have to report that *The India Review* has been compelled to suspend publication for want of adequate support. But *The India Bulletin* (monthly, 46 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.) is going on and doing its good work. It solicits patronage from America. Send subscription, 75 cents P. O. money order.

Ann Arbor, Michigan. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 306)

York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Washington and others of our largest cities. His pictures and accounts of his long and able services to India as Mayor of Bombay, President of the Indian National Congress and President of the Indian Legislative Assembly, have been published in many of our widely circulated papers. In all places visited by him where there are Indian students and other representatives of his own country, these have rallied around him with the greatest possible enthusiasm, and done everything in their power to extend knowledge of his mission and of his work. In his addresses and lectures delivered in colleges, theatres, great halls, churches, and before clubs and associations of many kinds, he has presented India's case for freedom and self-rule fearlessly and with great clearness and power. In a lecture which I had the pleasure and honor of hearing him deliver in Vassar College, the oldest and best known of our institutions of higher education for women, he created a most profound impression and the applause at the end could hardly be stopped. This is an illustration of his work.

Up to January 10th, he remained in the East, going only as far West as Chicago, where he gave twenty addresses. On the date just mentioned, he left New York for the Pacific Coast, expecting to fill lecture engagements in a number of large cities on his way. He stated it as his purpose, to spend a few weeks speaking in California and the extreme West, then to return to New York for a little more work in the East before taking his final departure from the country.

It need hardly be added that the visit of this great Indian Leader to America will long be remembered. As already has been stated, to no other visitor from India has ever been accorded more distinguished honors. His addresses and interviews have everywhere produced strong impressions. Certain it is that he has created or deepened in the minds of thousands the conviction that his great historic nation, which has had such an illustrious past, is abundantly able to rule itself now, and ought to be granted its freedom without delay.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Russia's Disarmament Proposals Five Years Ago

[*From Our Special Correspondent*]

It is now five years since Russia made her Total Disarmament Proposals, to be carried out generally, and with immediate speed. The statesmen of Christendom turned them down. At that time, I gathered for a full page of a daily paper on the Pacific Coast the opinions of 60 American citizens, on "What I think of the Proposals" and "What I think America should do." I happened to find this in my scrap-book, and am reproducing some of them, below. They furnish interesting reading. The arguments hold just as well now as five years ago.

Since listening to much discussion I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom and sanity of Total Disarmament Now. Why not be realists enough to realize, that there can be no real cure of war by reduction and limitation of arms, but real peace can come only by Total Disarmament, immediately undertaken? Germany was nearly disarmed in 1919. This shows what can be done. It was done in 90 days. There are brains enough to do a complete and general job of disarmament, in six months—a period of time that is liable to be spent by the Conference, in flatteries, wranglings, talking in a circle. Mankind wants a real peace, not a mere shifting of positions, in military strength. Are not our leaders brave and big enough to make a dash for Total Disarmament?

Yours for Total Disarmament Now,

SYDNEY STRONG.

Geneva, Switzerland.

What I Think of the Russian Proposals, and What America Should Do—Opinions Five Years Old, but Still Good

DEVERE ALLEN—As a 110% American it pains me to think that we could profit from following a suggestion emanating from another country, and Russia in particular. It is such a sensible proposal, I fear Russia will only have her labor for her pains.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE—This proposal tends to upset the world's greatest bar to progress — complacency. . . . America should install some 20th century thinkers in her state department.

NORMAN B. BARR—It is the greatest opportunity to eliminate war that has ever been offered in the history of the world. The United States should offer its cooperation.

W. E. B. DUBOIS—I am glad of Russia's proposal. I think America should offer to disarm with the rest of the powers.

M. O. EVANS—God called Israel out of Egypt to teach the world religion. And, here at last comes "Bolshevik" Russia with a real proposal far in advance of any that has ever been made in the interests of peace and human well-being.

WILLIAM FLOYD—Armaments are absurd for any nation except the few big powers. Small powers waste their income building forts and ships, which can

be destroyed in a week. Great powers are secure only in their imagination. Combinations can defeat any one nation. Peace has not followed armaments. . . Russia's plan is new, courageous, logical. It should be adopted by all nations. No one will suffer. Every country will be at least as safe as now.

S. Louise Foulkes—America should have been first to propose this. "Hats off" to Russia—manifesting greater enlightenment, as shown in these proposals, than other so-called "Christian" nations.

Kate Crane-Gartz—Regret that America did not have the foresight nor sense to initiate the movement first.

Austin E. Griffiths—The proposals should be taken most seriously.

Jane Garrott—One of the noblest gestures ever made by any government in the history of the world. . . . Those delegates who rebuffed Russia do not represent the common people of the world. . . . If we are ever moved to support another disarmament Conference, let us at least be sure, that we are not supporting a body, that should be called, a "Conference for the Continuance of Armaments."

Ellen Hayes—With Russia's disarmament proposal the moral leadership of the world passes definitely into her hands. The people of the United States are called upon to rescue their government from the clutches of Big Business—operating through organizations of politicians—and fall into line behind Russia, with the declaration: "We are as a nation, forever done with war!"

John Haynes Holmes—Hurrah for Russia! The Bolsheviki called the bluff in magnificent fashion and the result is what we see. If ever the lid was ripped off hypocrisy and ineptitude, it was done this time. Hurrah for Russia again!

David Starr Jordan—I think of Russia's proposals in the nature of a bluff. America ought to accept them—but, will not, because we have so much money in armament and the details of imperialism. A big navy is a gigantic national adornment. Why should not the biggest spend most on navies or diamonds?

Edward Laird Mills—I believe Russia's proposals are sincere and should receive serious consideration.

John Orth—A tremendous proposal. Have we the faith and courage to second it? For, if not, we must take the consequences.

William Pickens—The Russians are right: That the way to disarm is to disarm—not to reduce the number and caliber of guns. America should make a like proposal to all the nations, and endeavor to bring the only stable peace, a peace without threats.

Henry W. Pinkham—The United States ought to follow suit.

J. Henry Scattergood—The first proposal of its kind in all history made by the responsible government of a great people. It will ever stand as a challenge to the powers. Its purpose finds a friendly response among millions of people. The clear-cut Russian proposal is a great stimulus toward the new vision of a greater statecraft.

S. A. Stockwell—Greatest contribution to world peace ever made and goes to the root of the diabolical evil. The United States should immediately cooperate in this venture for a warless world.

Fred W. Shorter—I believe Russia is sincere. At the same time she probably expected to get a little fun out of the squirming of the hypocritical representatives of the other big nations.

Upton Sinclair—Get on the band wagon.

Norman Thomas—A challenge of immense value. The U. S. should at once agree to come in with other nations to make general disarmament effective. If not, why not?

Harry F. Ward—The challenge is the test of the governments of the world. We should at once accept the principle of total disarmament within a period of five years and invite the other nations to a conference to sign agreements to accomplish it in progressive steps.

Theodore K. Vogler—Never before has America had such a glorious opportunity to go the whole way, and with Russia declare in deed as in word, that she is in earnest about following the Prince of Peace.

Lydia G. Wentworth—Russia's proposal gives an intelligent response, that no half-way measures will suffice to eradicate a crime.

Robert Whitaker—Her proposals are stated with the utmost frankness. Their first objective was to show up the capitalistic peace talk for what it is—bunk and worse. Beyond this Russia is willing to go any distance the Allies will go for world peace. America ought to second this, or make a better one of her own. She will do neither, because Wall Street governs.

Lincoln Wirt—Did a peal of derisive laughter sweep the world when Russia challenged the League of Nations to disarm? Yet, one remembers that the scoffers of long ago once said, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" If Russia is bluffing, why not call her bluff?

Comment—Instead of heading toward a deadlock—a logical conclusion of endless whittling down arguments over qualitative and quantitative *reduction*—why not turn to *total disarmament* now—and see how quickly the peoples of the world will brighten up? S. S.

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